Skyscraper
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Skyscraper

by Karinakamichi

Summary

No matter how many wounds she had to create, or how many times she had to draw her own blood, she would survive and fight against it. She would keep the skyscraper in her mind in tact and reject her mother's attempts to tear her down even after death, no matter what.

In which Satsuki is trying her best to cope with her life after her mother's death. Self-harm. Some explicit content. Past Childhood Sexual Abuse and flashbacks!

Also, for the sake of this story, Satsuki and Ryuko moved in to new home together.

Story: Skyscraper, Chapter 1

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This will have a little bit of explicit content here and there, so be warned. Also I'm basing this off of personal experiences so I hope you all will bear with me... I'll give a warning though so you can skip over the scenes if you want.)

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(NSFW SCENE AHEAD)

Two naked figures lay sprawled out across a bed. It was Satsuki and Ragyo.

"My, such nice skin you have…" Ragyo, reached a hand up to caress the face of the girl beneath her, slowing trailing her hand down to her left breast. "You're growing up to become quite the woman… But I suppose that is only to be expected, seeing as you are my daughter."

Satsuki barely refrained from shivering at the woman's cold touch. She had long since grown used to this by now, so she knew fighting against it would do her no good, because it would just make Ragyo mad.

And yet, as her mother's hands continued to explore her body, reaching down toward her lower regions, she couldn't stop herself from bucking her legs, turning her face away.

"Be a good girl and stop resisting for me, will you? There's no need to be so ashamed, Satsuki. I can tell you want this just a much as I do. Am I wrong…?" Ragyo leaned forward to whisper in her ear with a lustful smile. She reached down further, suddenly ramming another finger into Satsuki's womanhood.

Satsuki stifled a shaky moan of pain, her face becoming heated and red at the pure humiliation, knowing that none of this was right. In truth, she had always hated the way her mother touched her, but she knew didn't have a choice in the matter. She had never been able to stop her from getting what she wanted, so she could only tighten her grip on the covers beneath her and let it happen.

"No, mother."

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(END NSFW SCENE)

Satsuki woke up in cold sweats, desperately gasping for air. The memories of her dead mother still plagued her, it seemed. She had been dead for three months now, so it was ridiculous to think that she still was being haunted by such things.

I can tell you want this just a much as I do. Am I wrong…?

Ragyo's voice from her nightmare echoed in her head.

Was it somehow true… that she had enjoyed it? Was she just some filthy whore that had been violated and ruined?

Tears welled up in her eyes as she tried to calm herself. However, much to her frustration, she only ended up crying even harder.

"Nee-san? Nee-san, hey, what's wrong? Talk to me." Ryuko, who had just woke up came over to her side, placing a hand on her shoulder. Satsuki froze up at the physical contact.

"Please… Don't touch me." She asked in a low and muffled voice, barely audible.

"...Oh, right... Sorry. I forgot you don't like that kinda stuff..." Ryuko said, awkwardly pulling her hand away. "Anyway, mind telling me what has you so upset? You're always waking up from nightmares like this, so I thought maybe you wanted to… um… talk about it or something?"

In all honestly, even though they had found a new place and been staying together for several weeks now, she still didn't know the slightest thing about her. She wished she could do more to help her, but quite frankly felt at a loss since Satsuki wouldn't tell her anything.

"No… Don't worry about it. It was a dream and nothing more…" Satsuki said simply, as expected. "What time is it?"

"It's like 10 right now, but nevermind that. Are you really sure you're okay?" Ryuko asked, still concerned.

"Yes. I'll be fine. But thank you for your concern." Satsuki said dismissively, getting up.

"Well, alright… Just know if you ever need to talk, I'll be here to listen… Anyway, I'm gonna go and make some us some breakfast. I'll let you know when it's ready."

"Alright… While you're doing that, I'm going to take a bath." Satsuki said as Ryuko left the room and headed down to the kitchen.

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Slash.

Blood quickly poured out of the laceration Satsuki had just created on her wrist, filling her with a momentary sense of calmness. If only briefly, she was able to silence the annoying voice in her head and remind herself that her mother wasn't there anymore, that all of prodding fingers she felt was just her imagination and memory haunting her.

She was entirely aware it wasn't healthy and that it was only in her head, but she needed this.

No matter how many wounds she had to create, or how many times she had to draw her own blood, she *would* survive and fight against it. She would keep the skyscraper in her mind in tact and reject her mother's attempts to tear her down even after death, no matter what.

With that resolve in mind, she continued creating more and more cuts on her arm, reopening old ones and staining the bathwater crimson until she was satisfied.

At some point, she pulled the drain to the bathtub, watching as the water level beneath her continued to sink until there was nothing left. Fortunately, by this point the profuse bleeding had stopped so she didn't have to worry about getting it all over the place. As if on cue, Ryuko knocked on the door, calling out to her: *"Hey, Nee-san. Breakfast is ready. If you don't hurry, the food's gonna get cold!"*

"I'm aware. I'll be out in a minute." Satsuki replied with ease, then taking a moment to look over herself in the mirror. She would no doubt have to rebandage her injuries in case they started bleeding again. Fortunately, she had more than enough bandage wraps left to get by.

"Oh, Crap, I forgot to mention!" Ryuko suddenly came back to the door. "Nonon called me a little while ago and said to let you know she's coming by later."

"Nonon, huh? I see…" Satsuki pondered it for a moment, as she dried herself off. She hadn't seen or heard from any of the Elite four for nearly a month now, so it was a little surprising to say the least. "Thanks for letting me know."

"Yeah, no problem…" Ryuko said casually, as she walked off.

With that, Satsuki was left alone once again to start dressing.

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A/N: So I'm not entirely sure where I'm going with this but if I do end up having a ship with Satsuki it'll most likely be NononxSatsuki. This is my second KLK fanfiction so it's probably not that great, but I wanna post it anyway, because I want more fanfictions that explore Satsuki's trauma.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!